

Beware

by Judith

Vincent palmed the latest magnet memento from Catherine. His collection was growing.

This one appeared to have travelled a long way before it arrived in his chamber. From mysterious New Zealand, at the bottom of the world.

The country where Devin now grew grapes. Perhaps his errant brother had been the original owner.

Vincent smiled. Catherine knew how he longed to travel, to see the world. Only in his dreams, and these small gifts.

The creature portrayed looked fearsome indeed. It was completely illogical, and therein lay its charm. Why would anyone need to beware of an insect, however prehistoric-looking?

